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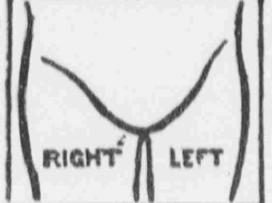
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 Cause of Rupture _____

Name _____

Address _____

WHEN THE KING AWOKE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12)

the jester's countenance flushed purple, his eyes protruded, there was a snap—and his countenance went white.

The Cricket dropped him, limp and motionless, and came sprawling upward.

The king sprang to meet him; but it was not to be. The duchess darted past, ere he could prevent, and hurled herself, headlong, upon the hideous climbing monster—twining her arms about his neck and with shock and entanglement sending him reeling backward. They fell, writhing, amidst a small avalanche of loosened shale, to the ledge below, stumbled there on the jester's distorted form, plunged into the river. A momentary flutter of the duchess' skirt, a vision of the Cricket's shaggy head and glaring eyes; later, in the deep, still water of down stream, a slight disturbance; last, a single pebble, tinkling in tardy descent. Ensued silence, while the king stood, aghast.

He hastened to bend over Sir Hugo. The jester faintly, but even whimsically, smiled, and moved his lips.

"The monument; I foretold a monument," he whispered; but he said no more, for with that he closed his eyes and easily died.

The king gently touched the heavy head, and straightened the stiffening limbs. He returned to the queen. Beneath her head he had placed the jester's cloak, as a pillow; but now he gathered her into his arms, and sitting held her while with yearning intensity he searched her features for tidings that she lived. So avid was his longing, where hope shuddered before dread, that it seemed he must be forcing into her some of his own vitality.

The wound above her temple, from the glancing ball, was but superficial; it no longer was bleeding. The waters of the ford had washed away all trace, except the least remembrance, of rouge and penciling, and her countenance, upturned to his, was natural again, as he used to know it. As if bid, her lips opened; her eyes gazed into his. Almost he stayed his breathing, lest he should lose her. She smiled—the old, sweet smile.

"Henry," she sighed contentedly.

"Is it all a dream?"

He only kissed her, passionately. She lifted her arm, and surveyed the black sleeve, the dragged cuff of which displayed a dingy rose.

"I do not quite remember," she said. "We were in the coach, and then—but where are we now? It is not Smorden!" Joy suddenly flushed her cheeks and made luminous her eyes. "You did not go? You did not go, after all, did you, Henry?"

"No," he answered. "I did not go to Smorden. I shall never go anywhere, save where you would have me."

"Save where I would have you," she repeated. She laughed, weakly, fondly. "That will be no farther from me than you are now. Only love me, Henry; love me. That is what I ask."

"I do," he whispered, his lips upon her brow. "But don't you want to know what has happened. It is a long story—wherein a man has died for you, and a woman has died for me."

"No—not now. Just love me, and look at me like you are. When you look at me thus, I want nothing more. Is this a dream, too, I wonder—a nice one after the bad one? Something tells me that all is well, dear; but it may be a dream, and then I would be sorry if we wasted part of it with useless talk. I only want to be looked at, so, by you. I am very weak and foolish, Henry."

"It is not a dream," he said.

THE clatter of iron-shod hoofs rang, above them, bringing back to him the hostile camp, the sortie, and the fighting hand-to-hand in the road without the wall. The tumult of conflict sounded no more; the skirmish must be at an end; but trotting, sliding, across the ledges bore down a horse and rider. The man reined up sharply, and from his saddle stared;

over the king's head the nostrils of the steed flared crimson; upon the breast-strap was the Stecsin osprey.

Holding the queen the king arose, and straightened—and in his mien was majesty. He looked upon the soldier.

The man smothered an exclamation of wonderment, and slipping from his seat doffed leathern cap, and kneeled.

"The king!" he murmured. "Escaped! God be praised!"

"God be praised," echoed the king, gravely. "And now lend us your horse. Can we get into the city?"

"Aye!" assured the soldier. "There is naught to prevent on this side. We have driven them across the river—and they'll not be coming back soon, I wager."

"No," said the king; and his eye flashed proudly; "we can do without them."

"And all other rebels, Your Majesty," added the soldier. "Steccin forever!"

"Steccin forever," repeated the king.

The soldier steadied the stirrup; and—still holding the queen; he would never let her go!—the king mounted. He set her before him, upon the saddle. They rode upward, the soldier trudging by their side, saying no more, questioning only with his eyes.

"The king! The king!"

Swift spread the cry; gathered an attendant train.

"The king! The king!"

Into the highway they rode; through the gateway and into Thesau. From a thousand voices swelled the glad acclaim:

"The king! The king!"

"My king!" whispered the queen.

And with a tender smile he pressed her closer.

(The End.)

AMERICAN A EUROPEAN LION.

WITH all its geniuses, princes and potentates, the most talked of man in Europe in the past few months has been a plain American, Wilbur Wright, the aeroplaneist. Wherever Mr. Wright has gone he has been attended by great crowds, anxious to see his spectacular flights through the air and to get a close view of his marvelous aeroplane, which is additionally marvelous because it is so simple. Mr. Wright has been visited by more royalty than any other man in Europe in many years. From Great Britain, France, Spain, Germany, Italy, have come emperors and empresses, kings and queens, princes and princesses, presidents, cabinet officials, distinguished soldiers and sailors and great men of unofficial life to inspect the Wright aeroplane and to see its evolutions.

Not only has Mr. Wright disposed, at a large price, of the rights to build this aeroplane in Europe, but he has also received large sums for his exhibitions and heavy fees for instruction to wealthy pupils in aerial navigation. Mr. Wright's classes are full, and his purse has been well filled by the tuition fees they pay.

In spite of the lionizing he has had, Mr. Wright has retained his modest demeanor. It is the comment of European newspapers that his head is not a bit turned by all the attention that has been bestowed upon him. They remark that he is doing great credit to his native country in more ways than one.

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